

tendency to shed tears over the price of wool hats and the scarcity of tea and coffee. At such times it was pathetic to hear his wife try to soothe and console him.

“Cover up and go to sleep, honey, and you'll soon disremember all about it,” she would say. “That's the way I do. The war can't last always, nohow.”

“Can't it? How do you know it can't? Hey? It'll outlast me. You mark my words.” In half a minute he'd be asleep and snoring as loud as the feeble muscles of his chest would permit.

It was with this time-worn and childish couple that Cassy Tatum took up her abode, when, with her baby on her arm, she ran away from her husband. She had come into Atlanta on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and, in wandering about, searching for a lodging, chanced to come upon this house. Though it sat high on Castleberry's Hill, it was too small to be conspicuous, and so she knocked at the door. She afterward declared that Providence sent her there, for when she arrived the old couple were in quite a predicament. A negro woman who had long ministered to their simple wants had just